Look at Where We Are Now (Eat it Haters)
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Look at Where We Are Now (Eat it Haters)

by ShadeCrawler

Summary

Aizawa gives up his sacred Saturday for a conversation with Nedzu, a parent teachers' meeting, and training his protege.

Notes

I started writing the next fic in this series when I realized that it worked better as a second chapter so here's a second chapter!

Chapter 1

"I want him out of the heroics course. And *expelled.*"

Shouta narrowed his eyes at Nezu, nails digging into his knees. The Principal sipped at his tea, perfectly calm in the face of Shouta's annoyance. It was bright and early Saturday morning, far earlier than the time that Shouta would ever want to be awake. Saturday mornings were sacred for Shouta, always had been since he started Yuuei. Almost, but not quite, as scared as Sundays. It was one of his few days off and he treated it with the holiness that it deserved. He stayed in bed with Hizashi as long as they could, just breathing in each other's presence. They'd finally leave their bed around eleven to make a late breakfast which Nemuri would eventually crash, the three of them catching up from the busy week. They'd spend the day relaxing, watching trashy TV that Shouta would barely be watching as he graded papers or lazily braided Hizashi's hair. But here Shouta was, in Nezu's office at eight AM, with a stack full of incident reports and a USB stick full of video footage of Bakugou harming Midoriya, physically and mentally, on Nezu's desk. "Yuuei has a zero-tolerance for bullying," Shouta pointed out, leaning forward. "And what Bakugou has done and how he's been acting since the start of the school year makes me against him going forward in the heroics course."

"You don't need to argue with me, Shouta-kun," Nezu chided gently. His tone was soft, but his eyes were sharp, eyeing the stack of incident reports with contempt. He placed his cup down delicately on the saucer and clasped his paws together. "I completely agree with you. He will be taken out of the heroics department effective immediately. However, he will go into General Education, not expelled."

Shouta let out a deep breath. On one hand, this was good. Bakugou out of the heroics department, at least until the time came that he proved that he had changed and was worthy of being put into Class 1-B. *If* that time came. But, on the other hand, after the multitude of incidents that Shouta and Hizashi had gone through over the weekend, Shouta had wanted him out of Yuuei altogether. "If his teachers had done their jobs correctly then he'd never of make it past the screening process," Shouta argued, forcing himself to let go of his knees when he felt small pinpricks of pain from how he had been squeezing them so tightly. "He never would've been given a ticket to

the exam." He picked up the cup of tea that Nezu had poured him when he had entered the office and drained it in one gulp. He set it back down on the table with a small *thud.* "So why isn't he being expelled?"

Nezu sighed, leaning forward and refilling Shouta's cup. "As I said, under normal circumstances, I would completely agree with you, Shouta-kun. He would be thrown out of Yuuei without a second thought and I would be sending word out to the other hero schools about him. However, the events of this past year has shown me that doing so would be foolish."

"How?"

Nezu spread his paws out. "In this past year, your class has been made a direct target by the League of Villains multiple times. The USJ, the training camp, and then Kamino." Shouta felt a twinge of regret at all the times that his kids had been placed in danger. Danger that they hadn't been ready for. "And while All for One has been put away in Tartarus and will not be getting out anytime soon, the League is still out there and knows every one of the kids' names. And Bakugou has already been made a direct target, as is evident by the training camp. By kicking him out of Yuuei, we would be placing Bakugou in direct danger of being targeted again." Nezu clasped his hands together and said seriously, "I agree with you that Bakugou should be removed from the heroics course. However, if we remove him from Yuuei then we could be playing directly into the villains' hands."

And, fuck, did that piss him off. Because Nezu was *right.*

"Of course," Nezu continued, "that does not mean that he will not be facing the consequences for his actions. Therapy and anger management classes, at the very least I think, are needed in this situation. Normally I'd suggest community service, but I do loathe to allow any students off of campus when the League of Villains are out and about. Ah, perhaps we can arrange for him to serve the school instead. Yes, I'm sure we can find some odd jobs to teach service," the weasel sighed and nodded to himself. For one moment Aizawa was reminded that his mentor was under a fair amount of pressure himself. "I'm by no means taking this lightly, Shouta-kun, or excusing such deplorable behaviour." He took a deep drink of his tea, Shouta waited as patiently as he could for the rat to be done. "But I also feel the need to point out that this is not entirely his fault." Nezu raised his paw when Shouta went to protest. "I am not excusing his behaviour, simply stating that he grew up going to schools where this behaviour

was ignored at times and encouraged at others. I do believe that would be doing him a great disservice by punishing him of others' laziness and not offering him the tools he needs and a chance to change. I will, however, be making a note in his file about his past as a bully and tell the rest of the teachers about this during our next meeting. I promise you of that."

"Fine," Shouta grunted. He grabbed the other file that he had brought with him and had been sitting in his lap up until this point, offering it to Nezu. "And I'd like to have Shinsou Hitoshi moved up to take Bakugou's place."

Nezu chuckled, a sly but proud smile on his lips Aizawa recognized from the days his own schooling, taking the file from Shouta and opening it up. It had notes that Shouta had been taking on the boy since the start of Shinsou's training. "I assumed as much. Do you think that he's ready for Class 1-A? Or are you suggesting this just to have someone replace Bakugou?"

Shouta shook his head, leaning back in his chair. "I wouldn't recommend him if I didn't think he was ready. He's a good student. He's managed to stay on top of his General Education work and do the heroics work that I give him as well. And his skills had improved since the Sports Festival. If you need him to do an entrance exam then he can do one anytime. Do one today for him, if you want. He's ready. I know he's ready." Shouta already had a few ideas for an entrance exam for the boy. Something like the final term exams that the others had done, perhaps. "He's proven himself to me."

There was a pause as Nezu thought it over, scanning the notes in the file before he closed the file and put it on the desk with a calm smile. "Impressing you is a rather hard feat. You really think that he is capable of standing with the rest of your class?"

Shouta snorted. "Capable and ready to shake things up while he's at it. A part of me is terrified of the chaos he and Midoriya are going to cause together. Another part of me can't wait to see it."

Nezu grinned sharply, causing a shiver to go down Shouta's spine. "Then he'll have his entrance exam, tomorrow after lunch, I've been waiting for you to recommend him for a while!" Nezu pulled out a folder of his own with an almost childlike glee and Shouta realized too late that this mentor already had a plan. Of course he did. Probably had one for weeks now. *Lovely*. "If you would do the honours of informing him of his up and coming exam. I'm sure that it'll mean

more coming from you than me. Satisfied?"

"Yes," Shouta said. He drained the still steaming cup of tea and set it down, standing up and inclining his head to Nezu. "Tell me when Bakugou's parents get here. I'll grab Bakugou from the dorms and swing over when they do."

"Of course." Nezu stared up at Shouta with beady black eyes and tilted his head in an animalistic way that Nezu rarely let himself be around Humans. "I'm aware that this may not be the best of times to discuss this, but later on I'd like to speak to you in depth about One for All."

That made Shouta stop in his tracks. His hands sat frozen on the back of his chair where he was about to push it in. "So, you did know," he said coldly. It was a confirmation of something that Shouta had already heavily suspected, but it made the annoyance that was already there from the situation from Bakugou burn a little brighter. "And you didn't think that this was necessary information for me to be aware of? I've had late bloomers in my class before." Just three years ago, he had gotten a girl in his class who had gotten her quirk, the ability to create a bubble around herself where no noise could be heard, when she was eleven. Not as late as Midoriya, of course, but still extremely late and it showed in her lack of control. Shouta liked to think that he had been a good teacher to her. She was an Underground hero now and Shouta had even worked with her once or twice since she had graduated. She was good. "Did you think that I wouldn't treat him fairly?" It was a question that he had been asking himself since the start of this all and something that made his heart clench.

Nezu sighed and shook his head. "No, of course not. You should've been told of this, you're right. I assumed that you would've put Midoriya into General Education the moment that you found out."

"Oh, I would've fought tooth and nail to make sure that he went straight into Hizashi's class," Shouta said with a shrug. "I should've put him in there immediately anyway and have him take quirk counselling sessions, extra lessons with both Hizashi and me, and then put him back into the heroics course later on when I felt he had sufficient control. He would've been a little behind the others, but it would've been worth it to make sure that his arms weren't *disfigured* like they were." He gritted his teeth. "I carry the blame for those injuries. I *accept* that. But you carry blame too. You and All Might both."

"I do," Nezu said with a bow of his head. "It was a mistake. One that I will apologize for properly. To both you and Midoriya."

That almost made Shouta visibly reel back in shock. He had known Nezu since he was fifth teen and Nezu had been his Homeroom teacher in 1-C. And not once had he ever heard the older hero admit to making a mistake. He narrowed his eyes. "Would you change your decision not to tell me if you could?"

Nezu paused and tapped his paw gently against the rim of his teacup. ". . . Midoriya has made leaps and bounds since the start of the year. His *Full Cowling* technique is impressive, especially considering that he came up with it only after a short time of having the quirk. And when looking at the fact that he was quirkless before now and didn't know how to deal with a quirk at all, the fact that he caught up with his peers who have had ten years to learn about their quirks is very impressive. However, you're correct that he might've been able to do so quicker and easier if he had access to more support. And he wouldn't have been injured like he had been. So, yes, if I could, I would change the way that I handled things. However, I can't. I can only change the way that I handle things going forward." He tipped his head to Shouta again. "I assume that you'll be setting Midoriya up with quirk counselling?"

"And lessons with Hizashi," Shouta confirmed. A bit of his anger towards the Principal faded away. Not all of it. Not by a long shot. He had fucked up big time. But the rat was willing to admit to it and do better going forward. And there were bigger fish to fry when it came to Midoriya than staying angry at Nezu. Especially when he could help. "He's the best there is with helping kids with overpowered quirks. And I'll be shadowing the first few lessons to make sure that Midoriya is comfortable. He has an aversion to most teachers." He gave the incident reports a pointed look. "It should be obvious why."

A dark looked briefly passed Nezu's face before it faded back into his usual calm expression. God help the Aldera school system. "Yes, I suppose that it is. Very well. I'll call the Bakugous and have them down here within an hour. Bakugou, if the meeting goes well, will be out of Class 1-A's dorms by noon. Have you thought about how you plan to break the news to the rest of the kids?"

Shouta sighed, feeling like a weight was pressing on his shoulders. "No, I haven't. It wouldn't be fair to Midoriya to tell them that Bakugou used to bully him. I'll . . . think of something."

“You better hurry, Shouta-kun. You don’t have much time left before you have to.”

Shouta nodded and took the dismissal for what it was, turning and leaving the Principal’s office, closing the door behind him. He sighed and pushed his hair out of his eyes tiredly. And there went his sacred Saturday.

Shinsou stared up at Shouta with wide shocked eyes, completely different than his usual deadpan expression. “There’s a spot opening in Class 1-A?”

Shouta nodded, He was standing in the doorway of Shinsou’s room in the 1-C dorms. His student was dressed in his street clothes, ripped jeans and a Present Mic hoodie since he didn’t have any clubs or activities during the weekend. “Yes.”

“And you recommended me to fill it?”

“Yes.”

“And my entrance exam, the exam that will determine my *entire future,* is tomorrow.”

Shouta nodded and stuck his hands in his pockets. “After lunch tomorrow. Eat light enough that you won’t be throwing up if you’re hit in the stomach but heavy enough that you won’t feel weak from lack of substance. Any of the lunches from the meal plan that we made for you should be fine.”

Shinsou laughed, high and incredulous, and ran a hand through his hair. “I, fuck. I mean, shit, I mean,” he winced at his language. “Sorry, Aizawa-Sensei. I just, this is just coming out of nowhere. I’ve only been training with you for a few months now and,” he trailed off, panic cracking through his usual calm façade.

Shouta tilted his head, watching Shinsou’s behaviour carefully. The boy was picking at his nails anxiously, a trait that Shouta had noticed Shinsou trying to break over the past few weeks. “You don’t think that you’re ready,” he observed. He hummed when Shinsou didn’t answer and jerked his head down the hall. “Let’s take a walk.” He turned and started walking, hearing Shinsou quickly scramble to follow him, the door to his room slamming behind him. He didn’t say anything for a few minutes as they walked out of 1-C’s dorms and

started walking. Finally, he spoke. “Shinsou, do you think I ever waste my time?”

“I . . . I don’t think so, sensei,” Shinsou said, glancing up at Shouta. “You don’t seem like the type to do that.”

“I’m not,” Shouta confirmed. “I don’t have enough of it to waste my time on frivolous things.” Wasn’t that the truth? As a hero, Shouta was aware that his life could be cut short at any time. As an Underground hero, there was always a chance that Shouta could disappear on patrol one day and just never return home to Hizashi. Everything Shouta did, every hour that he used, was done with an air of acceptance that this was an hour that he might not get back later on. Time wasted was one of Shouta’s biggest pet peeves and something that he avoided at all costs. “Training you? It hasn’t been a waste of my time. You’ve improved since the Sports Festival in ways that I’m impressed by. If I wasn’t then you wouldn’t be taking this exam.”

It really was as simple as that. Shouta didn’t like to throw kids in circumstances that they weren’t ready for. The USJ, the training camp, Kamino had all been situations that never should have happened. He pushed his kids, he challenged his kids, he made them work to their limits and then see if they could extend them. But he *never* put them in positions where they wouldn’t have the tools and abilities to succeed. It was cruel and taught them nothing.

Shinsou hummed, facing back forward as he walked at Shouta’s side. “But how do you know that I’m ready? I don’t feel ready. I still tangle myself up in the capture scarf sometimes.”

“And Kaminari still fries himself out sometimes,” Shouta drawled. “Iida loses control of his speed sometimes and runs into walls. Problem Child slipped on Wednesday when he used Full Cowling and fell on his face. You’re *students*, Shinsou. You’re at Yuuei to learn and the best place for you to do that is in the heroics course where I can keep an eye on you and have more time to teach you what you need to know.” He glanced down at the boy, a boy that reminded Shouta so much of himself when he was Shinsou’s place. He wished that he had someone who had taken him under their wing like Shouta had with Shinsou. But he hadn’t. He had his Homeroom teacher but Nezu had only been able to do so much with how differently their fighting style was. He had had to learn largely on his own before getting into the heroics department. But, now, Shouta could only give Shinsou what he hadn’t had. “And I’d feel better if you

were in a dorm with friends."

"Friends?" Shinsou arched an eyebrow. "I'm only really sort of friends Midoriya. I threatened the rest with taking one of their spots, which I'm now apparently *doing,* and brainwashed one of them in the Sports Festival but that's it."

Shouta snorted and shook his head. "If you think that Problem Child's friends won't swamp you the moment that you enter those dorms then you're sadly mistaken. Problem Child has claimed you as one of his. You have friends now, even if you don't know it yet. Plus, you're not replacing any of Midoriya's friends so you're fine there." He stopped suddenly and Shinsou stumbled to a stop beside him. The boy glanced up at Shouta in confusion but Shouta looked ahead. 1-A's dorms were looming in front of them. "I have every fate in you, Shinsou," Shouta said calmly, putting a hand on Shinsou's shoulder. "You need to have faith in yourself now. Can you do that for me?"

There was a moment of silence as Shinsou just looked up at the building, his future home, anxiously before his features schooled into an expression of determination. "Yes, Aizawa-Sensei. I can do that."

"Good." Shouta paused when his phone buzzed, and he fished it out from his pocket. A text message from Nezu. The Bakugous had arrived. *Lovely.* "I need to go now. Don't train too hard and don't stress on the exam. You're ready." He cracked a small smile when Shinsou nodded firmly. "If you plan on training then grab Midoriya to do it with you. He's at the top of the class in sparing, both with and without quirks." And Shouta wanted his Problem Child out of the dorms today as much as possible. He didn't know *when* and he didn't know *where,* but shit was going to hit the fan. He didn't need Midoriya there when Bakugou inevitably lost his temper. He arched an eyebrow when Shinsou hesitated, looking at the dorms where Midoriya was nervously. "Scared?"

That did it. "Oh, Fuck no," Shinsou muttered, forgetting about his earlier embarrassment about swearing in front of his teacher and marching forward with Shouta following close behind him with a small smirk. Mature his student might be but a kid he still was.

Shouta hung back as Shinsou walked into the dorms, watching his kids carefully. None of his students had ever shown signs of quirk discrimination before but, after finding out what Bakugou had done to Midoriya, he was finding himself wary. Shinsou had been hurt enough by people because of his quirk and Shouta refused to allow it to

happen again, especially not in his class. He remembered what it was like to grow up with a quirk that was considered villainous (Teachers ignoring him, hisses of *villain* in his ears, fingertips burning the back of his neck.). He still felt suspicious eyes on his back when people heard of what his quirk was and what it could do, what it could *take* from them. The first instance of discrimination towards Shinsou would be nipped in the bud so harshly that anyone would think thrice before ever doing it again.

The common area was mostly empty which wasn't surprising considering that it was barely nine o'clock on a Saturday. Midoriya was there in the kitchen with Todoroki, the two of them pressing their shoulders together and whispering over two steaming mugs of what Shouta thought might be hot chocolate. Bakugou was sitting on the couch with Kirishima and Jirou, the three of them bent over homework. Shouta's eyes narrowed when he saw Bakugou tracking Midoriya, jaw clenched in annoyance at the other boy's muttering and looking about two seconds away from exploding at the other boy to shut up. Shouta shut the door to the dorms a little harder than normal, drawing Bakugou's eyes to him. He arched an eyebrow at the boy who huffed and turned back to his homework. he would grab him in a moment to take him to the meeting, Shouta thought as he leaned against the wall by the door. He wanted to watch Shinsou's interaction with Midoriya and Todoroki first.

Shouta watched as Shinsou walked into the kitchen, chin raised slightly in determination. Todoroki took notice of him first and tilted his head in what Shouta recognized as a subtle sign of confusion for him. "These aren't your dorms," he commented quietly. He studied Shinsou, not maliciously but almost curiously. Like he was intrigued on why the other boy was in his dorms but didn't really care either way. With Todoroki, that was the best that Shouta could hope for. He gently nudged Midoriya, startling him out of his muttering. "Your newest victim is here, Zu-chan."

Shouta's lips twitched in amusement as Shinsou's eyebrows shot up at that and Midoriya squeaked in embarrassment. "Don't call him that, Shouchan! He's not a victim, he's my friend!"

"Same thing."

Midoriya huffed, cheeks puffing out as he pouted at Todoroki who only smiled softly in return. Problem Child turned back to Shinsou with a bright grin. "It's great to see you again, Shinsou-kun! I was gonna text you later to see if you wanted to meet up and have

lunch with Shouto and me, but it looks like you came to us!"

Shinsou nodded, rubbing the back of his neck as he seemed to lose a little of his resolve in the face of Midoriya's trademarked sunshine. "Uh, yeah. I was wondering if you wanted to train with me today. I, uh," he glanced back at Shouta and only continued when Shouta nodded in permission, "I got an exam tomorrow. An entrance exam. For the heroics course. And-" He cut himself off when Midoriya lit up and started to practically vibrate in place in his excitement.

"You're joining the heroics course?! Oh my gosh, oh my gosh, that's great, Shinsou-kun! And it's tomorrow? That's not a lot of time to prepare but you'll do great, I know you will." Midoriya beamed up at him, eyes so bright that Shouta could've sworn that there were stars in his eyes. "I'd love to train with you today! Let me grab my gym uniform, okay? You'll probably have to do something like we had to for our final term exam. Or maybe it'll be something different considering that you're going into Underground heroics, but Tokoyami-kun is going Underground too and he still did the same exam the rest of us did so it's possible," Midoriya's words quietened then, blending together so quickly that it was impossible for Shouta to understand what he was saying from where he was standing.

Todoroki gave Midoriya another soft look before turning to Shinsou with his usual blank expression. "I'd be happy to train with you too, Shinsou-san, if you don't mind. I was going to be training with Izuku today anyway. Plus, it'd be nice to get to know Izuku's newest victim. I was his last one. It's good that you're not resisting his friendship. That just makes him break his bones in his quest to befriend you."

Shouta buried his face in his capture scarf so his students wouldn't see his smirk. Dammit, that shouldn't be funny but it kind of was.

Shinsou snickered as Midoriya cast a look of betrayal Todoroki's way. "Yeah, I kind of figured," Shouta's student drawled with a shrug. "Anyway, I'll meet you both at the gym in about an hour? I need to go back to my dorms and eat something."

"We were just thinking of making breakfast," Midoriya chirped. "Do you wanna eat with us? We can make enough for all three of us!"

Shouta was pleased with what he was hearing and even happier at the tension bleeding out of Shinsou's shoulders. He knew that

Midoriya would be the perfect person to help ease Shinsou into 1-A's craziness. The two boys probably had more in common than they knew, both growing up in a world where people looked down on them like dirt on their shoes. A budding villain and a relic from a past that most wanted to forget. If Midoriya ever told Shinsou about One for All or even about just growing up quirkless, Shouta had no doubt that Shinsou would find common ground with the Problem Child and would probably become closer with him as a result. Maybe even as close as Todoroki was with the Problem Child.

But Shouta had made a mistake. He had taken his eyes off of Bakugou in lieu of watching his protégé make friends and hadn't seen the signs of a ticking bomb.

"Oi! Deku! Go fucking have your nerd threesome somewhere else and stop bothering everyone!" Shouta's head snapped around to see Bakugou glaring at Midoriya, hands posed up and small explosions popping off of them in an obvious warning manner. Out of the corner of Shouta's eye, he could see Midoriya shrink back and Todoroki step forward with an icy cold expression on his face. Shinsou seemed confused for a split second before stepping forward to stand closer to Midoriya and lay a hand on his arm supportively. "You're pissing me the fuck off!"

Shouta saw Todoroki open his mouth and Kirishima go to say something that would probably be meant to calm Bakugou down. But Shouta didn't give them the opportunity to speak.

"That's *enough*."

Shouta didn't yell. It was a point of pride for him. No matter how angry Shouta got at people, he never yelled at them. Yelling, as immature as it sounded, was scary to Shouta. He once had a teacher in middle school who would get right up in his face, nose to nose, and scream at him whenever he got into trouble. And Shouta got into trouble a lot. He never told his parents why he would come home from detention shaky and quiet. They would've done something about it, he realized years later. His parents loved him with everything they had, and they would've brought that school to its knees if they knew half the stuff that went on there. But he never had and so for three years, Shouta had a homeroom teacher who would scream in his face and make his ears ring. So Shouta didn't yell.

But that didn't mean that he didn't have his own ways of expressing his anger and annoyance towards people. He had learnt

how to deal with anger early on in life from watching his Mama tear into people who gave him shit about his quirk. Shouta had a vivid memory of being a little six-year-old and watching his Mama calmly, coldly, and viciously rip apart another parent from his first-grade class for calling her son a villain. He didn't remember exactly *when* he started to copy her but now, years later, his way of dealing with anger hadn't changed. His voice went even and a little quieter than normal. Each of his words carefully chosen and not a single one of them wasted. A cold expression on his face that expressed his utter displeasure at having to deal with their ignorance. No yelling needed.

And it was effective. All six of the kids in the common area froze at Shouta's tone, eyes locked onto him as he stared down Bakugou who was staring at him in disbelief. Like he was shocked that Shouta stepped in and said something. Shouta narrowed his eyes and jerked his head towards the door. "Bakugou, you're with me. We have a meeting to get to."

That seemed to snap Bakugou out of his shock. He glared at Shouta and crossed his arms. "What meeting?"

Shouta just arched an eyebrow silently, letting his displeased silence speak for itself. Bakugou, after a few moments for glaring at his teacher, huffed and stood up, tossing his pencil on his book and trudging over to Shouta. He glanced over at Midoriya with a scowl, as if to promise him that this would continue later. Todoroki and Shinsou both glared back at him as Midoriya shrunk back, gripping his hot chocolate tightly in front of him like a shield. Shouta snapped his fingers impatiently when Bakugou lingered, walking towards the dorm doors with a sulking Bakugou in tow. Time to get this over with.

Shouta really loathed parent-teacher's meetings. He hated them with a fury of a thousand suns. Shouta rarely has the energy to truly loath something, it required too much energy to maintain his ire, but the top three were as follows:

- Hizashi or his class been hurt
- Dealing with the media
- Parent-teacher meetings.

Out of all of them, the third thing would happen most frequently and, fuck, he hated them so fucking much.

But that didn't mean that he didn't *have* them. They were

important and necessary to his student's progress as heroes. Shouta made damn sure that he met with each student's family at least once in the beginning of the year and was always prepared to call them if necessary. And he knew that this particular parent-teachers meeting was going to be exhausting. Not only did he have to deal with King Explosion Murder. He also had to deal with *Mom and Dad* Explosion Murder.

He texted Hizashi to check if they had any painkillers for future headaches.

He opened the door to the Principal's office, ushering Bakugou in first and walking in after him. Hizashi was there too, leaning against the back wall with a friendly expression on his face. Probably here as 1-C's, and now Bakugou's, homeroom teacher. The two older Bakugous were sitting in front of Nezu's desk, a third, currently empty chair in between them for their son. Shouta gestured for Bakugou to sit down before casually joining Hizashi in leaning against the wall behind Nezu's desk. He felt exhausted already.

"Excellent, Katsuki-kun is here," Nezu chirped, taking a small sip of his ever-present cup of tea. "We can start now then. Okaasan, Otosan, thank you for joining us down here today. And on such short notice too. Are you sure that you wouldn't care for some tea?"

Mitsuki shook her head with a sharp grin, arms crossed in a lazy manner. "Nah. Already had some breakfast before we came over here."

"Thank you though, Nezu-san," Masaru quickly added with a dip of his head. "However, if I could ask why we've been called down here? It must be rather," he paused for a search of a word, glancing over at Shouta and Hizashi, "*serious* if Katsuki's homeroom teacher is present. Is he in trouble?"

Nezu ignored Katsuki's mutter of, "I didn't do a damn thing," and smiled calmly. "In fact, yes, he is. It's a rather serious manner, you're correct Otosan. You see, Aizawa-sensei is the homeroom teacher for class 1-A, as you know. But he is not just the homeroom teacher of your son but also of Midoriya Izuku. I take it that you know of him?"

Shouta was ready for quirk discrimination. Ready for the Bakugous' faces to twist in disgust or suspicion. He wasn't ready for Mitsuki's grin to soften with fondness. "Oh, little 'Zuku-chan? 'Course

we know him! Katsuki and him grew up together, practically attached at the hip as babies. They've since grown apart, but I make sure to always drop off clothes and shit for the runt when I can. The kid still calls me Auntie." She straightened up, fond expression morphing into a protective Auntie face. "The kid's not hurt or something, is he?" She let out a sigh of relief when Nezu shook his head.

"You'll have to forgive us," Masaru said softly with a small smile. "We're a little protective of Izuku. We thought that he was quirkless until recently, you see. We're all aware that quirkless doesn't mean useless, of course," Shouta's eyes narrowed at the youngest Bakugou rolling his eyes, "or weak or fragile or anything like that. But I know that it must have been hard for Izuku in a world with powers where he didn't have any."

"I'm glad that you brought that up," Nezu chirped, glancing back at Shouta and tilting his head towards the Bakugous encouragingly.

Shouta sighed tiredly and pushed himself off the wall, stepping forward with a bored expression on his face. Hizashi patted his shoulder supportively. *God*, he hated talking to parents. "I've spoken with Midoriya-kun recently about an issue of his-"

"What issue?"

"A *private issue* that he wanted to keep between him and myself," Shouta continued easily, stressing the *private* part. Mitsuki huffed in a way that was similar to her son but nodded at him to continue. "During this discussion, he admitted to me that he had been bullied in the past. Heavily bullied, in fact. As Class 1-A's homeroom teacher it is up to me to look into anything like this, so I pulled the footage from Aldera middle school, the school where Midoriya's bullying took place, taking the incident reports as well. Yamada-sensei and I spent all of last night going through these incident reports and saw several things that raised alarm." He noticed the youngest Bakugou pausing, staring at Shouta with narrowed but slightly nervous eyes. Mitsuki looked confused but Masaru was wearing an expression of slowly dawning horror. Shouta decided to be blunt. "Instances of your son verbally abusing Midoriya-kun and physically harming him. Both *with* and without his quirk."

There was a long pause. At Shouta's words, Masaru seemed to freeze, his eyes widening in horror. Mitsuki gasped, her hands flying to her mouth and whirling around to stare at her son incredulously. As

for Bakugou Katsuki, he was staring up at Shouta in a mix of emotions. Shouta could see fury, fear, and dread battling for dominance on his face. Like he knew where Shouta was going with this but didn't want it to be true. There was no denial from the boy.

Shouta continued, further breaking the Bakugous' collective worlds. "Yamada-sensei and I went through the footage from the school yesterday together, rewriting the incident reports to what actually happened. It seemed that the teachers from Aldera didn't report the incidents correctly and, because of that, I'm not surprised that you never heard anything about this before now." He nodded to the stack of papers on Nezu's desk. "The incident reports are there if you'd like to read them."

The words had barely left Shouta's mouth before Mitsuki was snatching one of the *several* incident reports off of the pile and scanning the report with a desperation that Shouta understood. No parent wanted to believe their child was a bully. He watched as Masaru leaned over and read over his wife's shoulder, eyes dull with despair.

"Of course, we still have the footage available," Nezu offered, taking a sip of his tea. "If you find it hard to believe the incident reports than we'd be happy to show you the footage."

Masaru looked sickly and pale, Shouta noticed. Katsuki, for his part, appeared frozen. Staring at the large stack of incident reports like he was astonished at how many there actually were. "I would," Masaru said shakily. "Please, I need to see this. I can't, I just can't believe," he trailed off, shaking his head. Shouta felt a twinge of sympathy and the urge to move the bin closer just in case.

Nezu nodded and opened up a laptop that was lying on his desk, probably for this exact purpose. He spun it around for the Bakugous so Shouta wasn't able to see what video it was that Mitsuki Bakugou pressed play on. But from the look of horror growing on the faces of both of Katsuki Bakugou's parents, it was one of the worse one. Rat liked to go for the throat. "Your son is a bully," Nezu said bluntly, further showing off this particular trait of his. "There is close to over two hundred incidents such as the one that you just watched, some better and some worse."

"What the fuck," Mitsuki whispered, staring at the laptop before realization started to dawn on her face and she whirled around on her son who was staring at the screen like his world was shattering around

him. Like he had just watched an event from his life that he had never thought much of before from an outside perspective and was shocked to see how it looked. Well, to be fair, he had. “What the *fuck*, Katsuki?!” Shouta winced at the raised voice and stepped back against the wall, Hizashi pressing his shoulder against Shouta’s in subtle comfort. “You just, you used your *quirk* on him, you used your fucking *quirk!”* She whirled back to Nezu, looking furious. “Why the fuck is this the first time we’re hearing about this!? Izuku was *burnt* badly in that video!”

Nezu sighed and nodded. “You are correct. I can only speculate on why the Aldera school system never brought this to your attention or acted on this. As for why *we* are only bringing this up now is that Katsuki-kun hasn’t attacked Midoriya since starting at Yuuei. We suspect because Midoriya now has friends who are willing to stand up for the boy when he doesn’t have the strength of mind to. Prior to learning about Midoriya’s past of being bullied, we believed that the two boys were rivals. Obviously, we were wrong and are making strides to correct this.” And then, he smiled.

Shouta always felt a comradeship with Nezu, as strange as that sounded. Obviously, Shouta had never been treated the way that Nezu had. He hadn’t been born in a cage or used as a lab rat for scientists to test their endless experiments on. He never had to fight for his very right to exist as a person legally and then fight in a court of law for every other right that Nezu insisted on holding. He doubted that he could’ve done half as well as Nezu had, especially since he had had to act as his own lawyer, none willing to represent him at the time. He had never experienced the horrors that Nezu had.

But Nezu had been his homeroom teacher once. When the rat was the homeroom teacher of 1-C, he had been the only one to look at bristly, cold, *villainous* Shouta and see the potential to be a hero. They had bonded over most people hating them for things they couldn’t help. Nezu had been the first person even, even before Hizashi or Oboro or Nemuri, that Shouta spoke to about life before Yuuei, haltingly and awkward and scared that he would be ignored once again. And Nezu had *listened* and given Shouta the same smile that he was giving the Bakugous’ now. A smile that promised pain for the people who had hurt him and the promise of safety for Shouta. The promise that Shouta would never be hurt again as long as Nezu was standing by his side. In a way, Shouta had always found that sharp, deranged smile comforting. Maybe it was where his own grin came from.

But for most people that weren't broken and desperate for allies like Shouta? That smile was the signal of their doom. Something that Bakugou Katsuki obviously picked up on by the way the boy straightened, staring into the beady black eyes of his Principal with an almost lost look in his own red eyes.

"Aizawa-sensei is in charge of raising the future heroes of tomorrow. And that does not just mean making sure that they are ready for the field, though that is a major part of it. Aizawa-sensei is in charge of making sure that the children in class 1-A are mentally, emotionally, and physically well. One of his other duties is to make sure that these future heroes won't go out into the world after they've graduated and use their power to harm others," Nezu said, his cheerful tone at war with the serious conversation they were having. "After seeing the immense amount of evidence that we've gathered from Aldera and looking back at how your son has acted towards Midoriya since the start of the school year, Aizawa-sensei no longer feels like Katsuki-kun is Class 1-A material."

Bakugou's head snapped towards Shouta, staring at him with a look of horror in his eyes. Shouta stared evenly back, not letting a single emotion show on his face. "What," Bakugou croaked out. He looked like he was trying desperately to cling to the familiar, comforting fury that he always had at his disposal, but it kept slipping through his fingers.

"Of course, we understand that children do dumb, foolish things when they're children," Nezu said with a nod. "And that Katsuki-kun's behaviour was never corrected by the teachers around him. That is a failing of the Aldera school system. However, we cannot overlook all of this. This goes beyond being dumb and foolish. And we cannot allow Katsuki-kun to stay in the same class as Midoriya-kun anymore-"

"Then ship that damn nerd off to 1-B," Bakugou exploded, throwing his arms up. He had a desperate look on his face, like he fighting for his life. "Don't toss me out of the fucking class! I'm one of the top students."

Nezu's eyes turned sharp. "*Katsuki-kun.* We, at Yuuei, do not punish people for things that they have not done. Midoriya-kun has done nothing wrong and is a victim of people who should've been taking care of him and helping him grow. He *will* be staying in Class 1-A and be receiving the help he needs to recover from the trauma that he's received in the years before his quirk came in. That is

something that you are not privy to and is something that we will be speaking with Midoriya-kun about later. However, you will not be put in Class 1-B. Until we know that you will not harm the people around you and have grown from your previous behaviours, you will be removed from the heroics department. Yamada-sensei has room in his class, the general education classes allowing more students than the heroics classes and is willing to allow you into it. You will have the opportunity to move back into the heroics course once you've proved that you are worthy of it. And when and if that time comes, you will be placed in Class 1-B and distance will be put between yourself and Midoriya-kun."

There was a long pause where no one spoke. Bakugou was staring at Nezu in dismay, hands clenched tightly into fists. Finally, Mitsuki stood, a hard expression on her face. Shouta, for one brief moment, thought that she was about to yell in defence of her son and braced himself for the onslaught. But then, Bakugou Mitsuki bowed at the waist that was close to a 90° angle. "Thank you," she said with so much gratefulness in her tone that Shouta was floored. "Thank you for doing something about this and giving Katsuki the opportunity to get back into the heroics course when he's ready for it. He'll do whatever he has to." She gave her son a hard look that screamed that he didn't have a choice when it came to this. She straightened back up and nodded firmly. "Whatever you need Katsuki to do, he'll be doing it."

"Good. We'd like for him to attend therapy and anger management," Nezu continued, clasping his paws together with a nod. "Hound dog has a list of therapists that work for Yuuei and would be willing to meet with Katsuki-kun. He will have to attend anger management classes. Write a few essays on the morals that a hero should have, why giving bullies positions of power is a bad idea, and a few other topics. He is now officially on Probation and we will be watching his process carefully. Ultimately, we'd like for Katsuki-kun to return to the heroics course. But that is not something that will be handed to him. He will have to work for it. If we feel that he hasn't changed then he won't be offered a chance to get back into the heroics course, it's as simple as that. He will have to impress us."

Bakugou leaned forward with a scowl. "Let's go out on a training field and I'll impress you right now. I'm the most powerful member of 1-A, I'm the most skilled-"

Shouta spoke up. "You're wrong." He met Bakugou's eyes dead-on, speaking calmly but insistently. "You have a powerful, flashy quirk. That doesn't make you the most powerful. In terms of raw

power, Todoroki and Midoriya both can match you. And Midoriya still doesn't know the full range of his abilities. Who knows where he'll be in a month's time with the proper training? In terms of technical skill, I'd argue that Yaoyorozu can match you, if not beat you there. She has to know the molecular structure of every single thing that she creates and considering the range of things that she's able to create, she could be considered the most skilled member." He tilted his head slowly. "You're not any better than any of them, Bakugou. And thinking that you are is one of the reasons that you're here."

"And that's not what Nezu-san means when he's telling you to impress us," Hizashi said, speaking for the first time since the meeting started. He smiled at Bakugou, the smile the exact same one that he'd give any of the other kids in his class. "You'll figure out what he means, Little Listener. But you're stuck with me until you do."

Bakugou gritted his teeth but said nothing, glaring at the three of them. But, for once, there wasn't anger in his eyes. He looked lost and confused like he didn't understand exactly how he had gotten to this point. That was fine. He'd learn. But he wouldn't be learning in class 1-A.

For the first time in a few minutes, Masaru spoke. "Can we speak to Izuku," he asked softly, tears in his eyes. "I'd like to apologize to him personally for what he's been through."

Nezu glanced back at Shouta who, after a moment of thinking about it, shook his head. "Right now, Midoriya is working with a 1-C student who will be taking an entrance exam tomorrow to get into 1-A." Bakugou scowled at that but said nothing. "And Midoriya has been having a hard few days and today is a rare good one for him. And, as Nezu-san said, my job is to ensure the emotional and mental health of my students along with their physical health. I'd like Midoriya to have a bit longer to get settled, perhaps have a few therapy sessions, before having this conversation. At this moment of time, Midoriya doesn't see anything wrong with how he was treated. The apology would mean nothing to him now. In the future, I wouldn't mind allowing you to speak to him about this. But not now."

"We understand," Masaru said, standing up and bowing just as his wife had. "Thank you for telling us about this. We're going to be working to make sure that nothing like this ever happens again. You have our word."

Nezu smiled and nodded. "Excellent. I'd like to go over a few

more points if that's alright before we go collect Katsuki-kun's things to move to the 1-C's dorms. For now, Aizawa-kun, I believe that you're no longer needed here. I assume that you want to go help your student train for his exam tomorrow?"

Shouta nodded and pushed himself off the wall. "Yep." He nodded at the Bakugous. "I'll leave you in Yamada's hands. He's an idiot," he said with an air of fondness, ignoring the gentle swat on his arm from his husband, "but he's a good teacher." He nodded politely before quickly leaving the room, letting out a sigh of relief the moment that he closed the door behind him. He was glad to be done with that. Parent Teachers meetings always put him on edge, and he was just glad that this meeting went as well as it did. The raised voices had put him on edge, and he wanted to just crawl into bed and ignore the world for a few hours. But Shinsou's exam was tomorrow and the boy would do well with help from a teacher to help him prepare. And he still needed to think of something to tell his kids later on when they asked on why Bakugou was being transferred out of 1-A. But that was a problem that he could still afford to think about for a few hours.

Besides, Shouta thought as he headed down the hallway, he should probably check that he, Midoriya, and Todoroki hadn't destroyed a training ground yet.

They hadn't destroyed a training ground. Thank God for little mercies.

No, when Shouta walked into the gym where his three students were, he found that the three of them had found themselves a friend. Hatsume Mei, if Shouta remembered correctly, from the support course. She was grinning brightly and watching as Shinsou shot a target set up on the other side of the gym with a crossbow. A *crossbow.* Todoroki was looking at the weapon curiously and Midoriya was bouncing up and down excitedly as Mei rambled on about the benefits of having a long-range weapon. Shinsou had a large smirk on his face as he fired the bolts from the miniature crossbow attached to his wrist. "And these things can be electrified," Shouta's student asked excitedly, like the little demon Shouta always knew he had the potential to be. Shouta sighed softly and leaned against the wall, just silently watching the pack of hellions from the doorway.

"They sure can be," Hatsume chirped, clasping her hands

together. “The ones with the yellow-tipped ones? Those are the electric ones. The purple-tipped ones are ones that’ll release a sticking agent that’ll trap any baddie you’re fighting. And the best part?! They won’t pierce human skin!”

Todoroki tilted his head, looking over at the target littered with bolts sticking out of it curiously. “It pierces that, but it won’t pierce human skin?”

Hatsume waved her hand dismissively. “Oh, these are just normal bolts. Boring but you gotta make sure that he knows how to aim with it first before giving him the good stuff.” She grinned madly. “No, my babies are perfect for fighting against villains because they won’t cause any permanent damage! Just bruises!” She held out her arm to show off a small purple bruise that Shouta guessed she had gotten from testing out the bolts on herself. Fucking hell, was Shouta glad he wasn’t in charge of the Support kids. Fucking maniacs. “Power Loader-sensei helped me get the yellow-tipped ones perfect, so they’ll send out a nasty shock but not cause any long-term damage to them.”

“They’re amazing,” Midoriya cheered, hugging Todoroki’s arm excitedly. “Hatsume-chan, this is so cool, it’ll be perfect for Shinsou-kun’s exam! A long-distance weapon is perfect for you, Shinsou-kun, it really is. Your Artificial Voice Cords are so cool, and you might be able to use them to trick someone to answer you but now you have a long-range weapon too! And you’re so good with hand to hand and your skill with the capture scarf is so amazing!” There is was again, that look of complete adoration towards, in Midoriya's eyes like Shinsou was the coolest person alive. “I can’t wait to have you in 1-A!”

Shinsou looked like he was fighting against a pleased smile at Midoriya’s praise, a pink blush crawling up his cheeks. “You gotta stop gushing about me, Bone Breaker,” he drawled. “I’m gonna start getting a big head if you do.”

“He won’t,” Todoroki said calmly, pulling his arm out of Midoriya’s grip but wrapping it around Midoriya’s shoulder instead and pulling him close to his side. “You’re just going to have to get used to it. He does this with everyone. When we first met Aizawa-sensei, I think that the only reason he didn’t pass out was because of how scared we all were of being expelled.”

Shinsou turned to gawk at Midoriya with wide eyes. “What, hold up. You knew who Aizawa-sensei was when you first met him?

Even *I* didn't recognize him at first and I'm, like, his biggest fucking fan."

Something that *still* made Shouta blush hard when he thought about how much Shinsou idolized him growing up. There weren't many heroes with villainous quirks and Shinsou had clung to what Shouta being a hero meant. That he could be one too. The fact that Shouta inspired someone like that made something warm grow in his chest.

Midoriya ducked his head, rubbing the back of his head sheepishly. "I, um, I really admired him growing up," he said softly. "I got my quirk late. So, um, I looked for a lot of heroes who fought quirkless and Aizawa-sensei was one of the coolest ones that I found. He and Ragdoll were two of my favourites growing up."

Shouta buried his face into his capture scarf, barely resisting the urge to groan. Great. He had two personal students and both of them had worshipped him growing up because they were both desperate to find someone like them. To prove that they could be something that everyone said they couldn't. Goddammit, Shouta was *not* the person they should be looking up to. Now, Ragdoll, they should be looking up to her, not him. She had her life together, even after her quirk had been taken.

(She was also training secretly to get back into hero work even without a quirk but that was something that only Shouta and a few select others knew and they wouldn't be sharing that information with anyone.)

"That makes sense," Hatsume chirped, nodding thoughtfully. "So that's why you kept breaking your bones. I was a late bloomer too! I didn't get my quirk until I was ten. What about you, Ten Million-kun? When did you get yours?"

There was a long hesitant pause, Midoriya obviously trying to gather his courage. Todoroki stiffened a little and pulled Midoriya closer against his side as if he was trying to hide his friend away from anything or anyone who would try and hurt him. Finally, Midoriya answered, soft and shy and with enough nerves in his voice that it made Shouta want to go find everyone who had ever hurt the kid and punch them in the face. "Five months ago."

There was a long pause where the air seemed to cool as Todoroki watched the two others with narrowed, suspicious eyes.

Shinsou was frozen, staring at Midoriya with wide, shocked eyes while Hatsume's mouth had fallen open. Just as Shouta was about to walk in and say something, Shinsou ran his hands through his hair and said, in dawning horror, "I am *such* an ass."

Midoriya blinked in surprise. "What?"

"The things I said to you at the festival. I basically said that you were handed everything on a silver platter," Shinsou said, looking mortified at his past words. "Holy fuck, I am the world's biggest asshole. Wait. *Wait.* That means that you grew up quirkless. Oh my God, why haven't you punched me yet, I deserve it."

Midoriya squeaked and waved his hands wildly. "No, I wouldn't punch you, Shinsou-kun! You didn't know, I only told Shouto this week! Aizawa-sensei was the first person I told at Yuuei and I only told him on Monday! I'm not angry with you, I promise!" He reached out and put a hand on Shinsou's arm, smiling at him gently. "Besides, I get why you said that. I know that it's really hard with people with quirks that people perceive as villainous. I must've seemed like just someone who never worked for anything and just strolled into the hero course."

Shinsou groaned, burying his face in his hands. "Stop being so understanding," he mumbled, leaning into Midoriya's hand. He pulled his hands away from his face and managed a weak smile. "Call me Hitoshi, by the way. We're," he faltered before saying, with so much courage that it made Shouta's heart warm, "we're . . . friends."

The smile that grew on Midoriya's face was so bright that it made the sun look dull in comparison. The boy squealed and tackled Shinsou in a hug, sending the taller boy stumbling back with wide eyes as his hands froze above Midoriya's back like he didn't know where to lay them. "Okay, Hitoshi-kun! You can call me Izuku, okay? And it's really, really okay, I knew that you didn't mean anything by it."

Shouta's lips twitched into a small smile as Shinsou's hands hesitantly landed on Midoriya's back and clumsily hugged him back. Good. That was one kid dealt with. Todoroki had softened a little, turning his gaze onto Hatsume to see how she was going to react.

To Shouta's surprise, she was beaming at Midoriya with her hands clasped against her chest. "Wow, I thought that I was the latest bloomer in the school right now." She gasped and grabbed Midoriya's

arm, causing the boy to squeak and pull away from Shinsou in surprise. “We should make a *club.* Izuku, can I call you Izuku?” She grinned at Midoriya's nod. “Great, call me Mei! Izuku, no wonder we’re friends! It’s *fate!* We both know how shitty people can be to people when you’re the only one in the class without a quirk. And now we’re both the most powerful people in our respective departments! *Fuck quirkest people,* the haters can eat it because look at where we are now!”

“Mei,” Izuku laughed, his grin stretching so wide that it must’ve hurt. “Mei, you can’t just *say* that!”

“Why not? *Fuck quirkest people!”*

Shinsou snickered and raised a fist with a sharp grin. “Fuck quirkest people.”

Todoroki smirked at Midoriya’s endless giggles and nodded firmly. “Fuck quirkest people.” That must’ve been when he *finally* noticed Shouta – he needed to drill more situation awareness into these kids – and straightened when he saw his teacher. “Sensei.”

“Hell Spawn,” Shouta greeted, pushing himself off the wall and walking towards them all. He arched an eyebrow at Shinsou who instinctively straightened. He nodded to the crossbow attached to Shinsou’s wrist. “I see the training’s going well.”

Shinsou smirked and reached over, putting a hand on Hatsume’s shoulder. “I’ve made new best friends,” he drawled. “Hatsume-san is amazing, and she has given me the power of electricity. Izuku helped me practice springboard kicking off of someone’s face and Todoroki is a fellow conspicuous theorist.”

Todoroki tilted his head and smirked. “Endeavour is an alien from another planet where the trash can take on human forms.”

“Todoroki, you’re literally my favourite person in this room right now.”

Shouta rolled his eyes and jerked his head towards the target. “Collect the bolts, Problem Children. Hatsume, do you have the bolts that won’t pierce skin?” He hummed at her excited nod. “How bad is the shock?”

“Just enough to make someone stumble and give you an opening to hit them!”

“Good. The three of you against me. Support items and quirks are allowed.” He pulled up his goggles and snapped them on to protect his eyes. “Hatsume, you can observe from the sidelines. Shinsou, don’t hit Hatsume. If you’re going to use that crossbow tomorrow then let’s make sure that you can use it while moving. Midoriya, don’t break your bones. Todoroki stop with the theories for ten minutes and focus on your hand to hand. Good?” He grinned at them and wasn’t surprised when his two personal students grinned back, Todoroki giving him a small smirk. “Excellent. Let’s get to work.”

Chapter 2

"Shinsou, Todoroki, Midoriya, go hit the showers and then get back to the dorms. Midoriya, hang back after, we need to talk. Hatsume, you're not one of my problems. Go find Power Loader and try not to make anything explode."

Shouta watched his three students in amusement as they pushed themselves off the floor, Shinsou giving him a grumpy look from where he was rolling off of Todoroki. The training session had gone well and Shouta was impressed with how his students had done. Todoroki was getting better with both his fire and hand to hand, not relying so much on his quirk to defeat his opponents. He had managed to hold his own against Shouta for a brief few minutes when they had fought, even with his quirk erased. Midoriya was getting better at not second-guessing his own ideas and not relying so much on imitating All Might. Smashing things might have worked for the previous number one hero but Shouta wanted his student to be more well-rounded at that. Midoriya was smart and it was good to see him fighting that way. And Shinsou? Shouta rarely found himself bursting with pride but he was now. His protégé had improved so much in just the last few months and Shouta could barely believe it at times just how far he had come. He would pass the entrance exam, Shouta was sure of that.

"Yes, Sensei," Midoriya panted, wiping at his forehead as he carefully stood up. There was a wide grin on the boy's face, exhausted from training but obviously happy with how it had gone. He patted Shinsou on the shoulder as he passed him. The taller boy tiredly patted him back on the arm as he and Todoroki followed him on their way to the showers, all three grabbing water bottles as they went. Hatsume waved away Shinsou's attempt to pass the crossbow back to her, just telling him to keep it and to, "Show off my baby to all the teachers tomorrow and we'll call it even," as she skipped off out the gym with a large grin on her face. Probably going off to ignore Shouta's warning and explode one of the labs for the third time this week.

It wasn't often that Shouta found himself wishing his co-workers much of anything, but he sent off a thought of patience for Power Loader. Something told him that man *desperately* needed some of it with that girl as a student.

Shouta sighed as he walked to the sidelines of the gym, grabbing one of the hairbands wrapped around his wrist and pulling his hair back into a messy bun. The last few hours had zapped his energy and he still had two very heavy talks to have before he could make his way back to his dorm apartment and try to recharge. He needed to talk to the rest of class 1-A, informing them of Bakugou's transfer and Shinsou's entrance exam. He was tempted to grab Hizashi to help with the more emotional students and the ones that Bakugou was close to. He could especially see Kirishima having trouble with this development. The boy was close friends with Bakugou and was one of the students that had gone to Kamino to rescue him when the other boy had been kidnapped. The news that his friend was being transferred to General Education? That was going to demand an explanation and Shouta didn't know what to say other than it wasn't any of his business and to stay in his own lane for once. Just . . . in a nicer way than that.

Because, ultimately, it wasn't anyone's business. If Midoriya wanted to share what Bakugou had done to him before he had received his quirk, the physical harassment and the mental and emotional abuse, then that was up to him. Shouta couldn't and wouldn't force him to say anything that his Problem Child didn't want to and Shouta honestly couldn't see him saying anything unless prompted. So that left him in the unfortunate position of having to tell his class, "Bakugou has been transferred and I can't tell you why."

Yeah. Class 1-A was going to take *that* lying down.

But there wasn't much else that Shouta could do so they were all going to have to just deal with it. Shouta grabbed an unopened water bottle that his students had brought with them to the gym and cracked it open, taking a few small sips as he waited for Midoriya to rejoin him. This was something that Shouta was *really* not looking forward to. Midoriya knew that Shouta had been looking into Bakugou, knew that Shouta was going to do something about it, *knew* that there was a chance of Bakugou being expelled outright for his actions or at least moved into General Education. But there was a chance of knowing something and seeing it happen. There was a reason that Shouta had asked Midoriya to hang back. Shouta wanted to tell his Problem Child himself of what was happening, away from everyone else in case Midoriya got emotional and needed a few minutes to pull himself together. Plus, he wanted to discuss a few other things with Midoriya too, if the kid was up for it after the Bakugou part of the talk. Therapy, for one. After everything that the boy had gone through - growing up quirkless, the discrimination that had come from that, all

the pressure from receiving One for All - therapy was absolutely necessary.

"Sensei?"

Shouta blinked and looked up from where he had been staring at his water bottle to see Midoriya standing in front of him, dressed in his street clothes and hair laid flat against his head from his shower. The boy was fiddling with his fingers nervously but smiled at Shouta when he finally got his attention. "Hitoshi and Shouto went on ahead to the dorms," the Problem Child explained, anxiously shifting on his feet. "Hitoshi's gonna study with us this afternoon, in case there's a written exam tomorrow too."

With Nezu putting the exam together, that was probably the best idea. "As long as he's back to the 1-C dorms by curfew," Shouta grunted before draining the rest of the water in his bottle with a large gulp. He sighed as he tossed it in a nearby bin, sticking his hands in his pockets. "Yamada will kill me if he's not." He eyed Midoriya up at down, noticing how his lips looked raw like he had been biting it all day and how he kept picking at his nails. Shouta softened his tone a little. "Is something wrong, Midoriya?"

The Problem Child jumped, hunching his shoulders a little before slowly looking up at Shouta with watery eyes. "Did Kacchan get expelled, Sensei?"

Shouta sighed and crouched down, laying his hands on his knees. The kid was a much better person than Shouta had been at his age. If Shouta had been in Midoriya's spot, he probably would have given his bullies a middle finger salute on their way out the dorms and feel only spiteful satisfaction while watching them go. "No, he didn't," he said gently. "But, he did get transferred out of 1-A. He's in General Education for now. *If* he makes an effort to change then he'll be allowed to transfer into 1-B."

"But not back into 1-A?"

"No," Shouta said delicately. He felt out of his depth sometimes with his students, especially when they cried. Not that didn't mean that he didn't do everything he could to help. It was just that Shouta wasn't much of a warm, comforting guy. Hizashi liked to compare him to a cat. Warm, cuddly, and affectionate, Shouta's husband would drawl fondly. Shouta thought of himself more of one of those asshole cats, like Hizashi's cat Bastard. The kind that loved people but

preferred knocking things off of counters. “He won’t be.”

Midoriya cried all the time. It was just a fact. The kid wasn’t ashamed of his tears and it was rare that he never tried to hold them back. So Shouta was understandably concerned when Midoriya’s face started to twist with the effort of making sure that the tears building in his eyes didn’t fall. He reached forward slowly, giving the kid time to back away, and laid a hand on his shoulder. He had to lean in to hear Midoriya’s soft whisper of, “Am I a bad person for being happy about that, sensei?”

Oh . Fuck .

“ *No* . Absolutely *not.* Listen to me, Problem Child,” Shouta said sternly, squeezing Midoriya’s shoulder. “You are *not* a bad person for being happy about your bully no longer being in your class. Bakugou hurt you. I know that you’re still trying to accept that, but he did. And you feeling relieved that you no longer have to interact with him isn’t a bad thing. I’ll be speaking to the teachers and, in the event of Bakugou being allowed back into the heroics department, the two of you will not be paired up during any joint exercise. But you being happy about this? That doesn’t make you bad or terrible or anything else. It makes you human. I’d be a little concerned if you weren’t at least a little relieved.”

“B-but I shouldn’t be,” Midoriya whispered, tears leaking out of his eyes. “K-Kacchan’s losing his chance at his d-dream.”

“No, he’s not. He’s going to have to work to get it back, but he hasn’t lost it yet. He’ll have to work hard to get back on the path of getting it, but he’ll be a better hero and person if he does.” Shouta leaned forward and said firmly, “But that isn’t on you, Midoriya. You were the victim here and Bakugou is facing the consequences of what he did. Do you know what I want you to do now?”

Midoriya sniffled and shook his head, wiping at his cheeks. “No.”

“I want you to focus on yourself. I know,” Shouta said with a layer of amusement that he didn’t bother to hide, making Problem Child’s lips quirk up weakly, “that’s hard for you. But I want you to try for me. Can you do that for me?”

“I-I can try, sensei.”

Shouta nodded and squeezed Midoriya’s shoulder gently. “Good. That’s all I can ask from you.” He pulled back and drew a

handkerchief from his pocket, offering it to the crying kid in front of him. After many years of being a teacher, he had taken to carrying a few of them on him at all times. “Here.”

Midoriya took the handkerchief with a mumbled, “Thank you,” and wiped at his face weakly. Shouta took a few moments to take in the boy, how small he seemed in that moment, and asked softly, “What do you need right now, Midoriya? Is there anything that I can do for you right now?”

There was a pause where Midoriya just sniffled and wiped away his tears shakily. Finally, the boy shrugged. “I-I don’t know, sensei. I-is it, is it okay if I’m not t-there when you tell the rest of the class?” He looked at Shouta with watery eyes. “Please?”

“That is more than okay. I’d prefer if you weren’t alone right now, though,” Shouta said, as soothingly as he could. He could text Shinsou, he supposed, to take Problem Child to the 1-C dorms for a bit as he told 1-A about what was going on. The two of them were friends now and Shouta had no doubt that Shinsou would eagerly take his friend to his room if it helped Midoriya at all. But he didn’t want to put the pressure of calming Midoriya down solely on a student, especially one who had an exam tomorrow.

And then, the heavens opened and decided to send Shouta the one person who he *knew* he could trust with a crying child.

“Hey, hey, hey, what’s going on in here?”

Shouta bit back a sigh of relief and both him and Midoriya looked up to see Hizashi walking over with a grin, one softer than his normal one. Thank *God* . Shouta just barely resisted the urge to toss Midoriya at Hizashi. “Yamada,” Shouta said with a nod of his head. He arched an eyebrow. “I thought that you’d be with the Bakugous.” He put his hand back on Midoriya’s shoulder and squeezed when the boy sniffled.

“Bakugou’s parents wanted to take him home for the rest of the weekend. He’ll be back tomorrow night to clear out his room and move into the 1-C dorms.” Hizashi walked over and dropped into a crouch beside Shouta, giving Midoriya a soft smile. “Hey, Little Listener. How you feeling?”

Midoriya shrugged, wiping at his eyes weakly. “I-I’m okay, Ya-Yamada-sensei.”

"That's good to hear, kiddo." Hizashi glanced over at Shouta and, probably after seeing the pleading look in his husband's eyes, made a show of looking at his watch and hummed. "Hey, it looks like it's a little after lunchtime and," he leaned forward like he was sharing a secret, "I go out and grab some pizza for my homeroom on Saturdays. A little treat for my General Education kiddos, you hear? How 'bout you come on with me to pick it up? Get off the grounds for a bit and grab some grub." Hizashi glanced over at Shouta and grinned. "If your stuffy homeroom teacher doesn't mind, that is."

Shouta rolled his eyes with a long-suffering sigh. "Just keep an eye on him and don't fill him up on junk food," he muttered. "Is this okay with you, Problem Child?"

Midoriya sniffled and gave a smile that seemed just a little forced. "Y-yes, sensei, I'd like to go with Yamada-sensei. I-if he doesn't m-mind."

" *Perfect!* C'mon, kiddo, let's go get you hopped up on sugar and pizza," Hizashi crowed, standing up and giving Midoriya a grin that he reserved specifically for crying children and Shouta whenever he was feeling overwhelmed.

" *One* soda, Problem Child," Shouta ordered as he gently pushed Midoriya towards Hizashi. " *Two at most.* Got me?"

Midoriya nodded with a soft, "Yes, sensei," that cracked halfway through. Shouta met Hizashi's eyes over the kid's head and Hizashi's lips quirked up in a silent promise to take care of Shouta's Problem Child. Shouta stood back up and watched as Hizashi let Midoriya out of the gym, talking a mile a minute as he did so. That was one child taken care of. Hizashi would take care of Midoriya, Shouta had no doubt. Now he just had nineteen over kids to worry about. *Great.*

Shouta's mood did not improve on his walk back to the dorms. And it only got worse when he walked in and saw his protégé standing in front of Mineta with a furious look on his face and looking two seconds away from either brainwashing him or punting him across the room.

Mineta . . . *Mineta.* If the boy was any other student, he would've been out of Class 1-A months ago. He *should've* been out of the *school* months ago. He was the exact type of person that shouldn't be a hero and someone who should never have been allowed in the class

in the first place. The boy was smart but, after hearing Mineta's reasons for being a hero, Shouta knew that the kid needed to get the fuck out of his class.

Unfortunately , Mineta was something that Shouta hated more than anything in the entire world. He was the son of a member of Yuuei's board of directors. Which meant that he had a degree of untouchability. Unless someone came to him with a complaint or Shouta had caught him doing something, there was nothing that Shouta could do. He had made sure to speak with each girl of the class personally to tell them that they could speak to him, or Midnight if that made them more comfortable if *anything* or *anyone* was doing something that was making them feel uncomfortable or unsafe. So far, they hadn't come to either of them about anything but Shouta was keeping a close eye on things.

But it looked like something had happened anyway. Great.

All of the kids gathered in the commons, all of them were screaming. At Mineta and not Shinsou, thank God.

"What the fuck, Mineta!"

"You can't say shit like that!"

"Dude, do you know how quirkest that is!?"

"Do you have a problem with Aizawa-sensei too, pervert, if you hate people with villainous quirks so much!?"

" *What,"* Mineta whined, crossing his arms and glaring at Shinsou who gritted his teeth and glared right back at him. "I'm just *saying* , can he *really* be a hero with a quirk like his? It's the quirk of a –"

"Of a *what?"*

It was like all of the air had been sucked out of the room at Shouta's words. Everyone whirled around with wide eyes, Mineta squeaking and going pale at the furious expression that Shouta was sure was on his face. Shinsou's eyes were wide, an embarrassed flush crawling up his cheeks. He instinctively stepped closer to Todoroki, the other boy pulling him closer to him and his group of friends. Urarka put a hand on Shinsou's shoulder, glaring at Mineta while Iida shifted in front of Shinsou like he was trying to hide him away. Midoriya's group of friends had Shinsou in the middle of them

immediately, both protecting the boy and giving Shouta a clear view of Mineta, the boy staring up at him with wide, scared eyes. Like someone who knew he had been caught saying something terrible.

Shouta *slowly* walked forward, like a lion stalking towards its prey. “Well? What kind of quirk does Shinsou have, Mineta?” He arched an eyebrow when Mineta didn’t answer and looked around. “Would anyone care to share what Mineta thinks? Since he’s lost the ability to speak,” he said dryly but very dangerously.

“Sensei,” Iida barked, his arm chopping up and down in an angry manner. “Shinsou-san came into the dorms with Todoroki-kun to join us in our study session and told us that he has an entrance exam tomorrow to get into Class 1-A! And while the majority of us,” he glared in Mineta’s direction, “congratulated him for this accomplishment, Mineta-kun made comments of his quirk. He said-“

“It was just a joke!” Mineta waved his hands frantically with a nervous grin. Like if he grinned wide enough, he could wiggle his way out of this. “Really, it was-“

“Liar,” Ashida barked, stamping her foot. “Quirkest pig!”

The rest of class 1-A quickly joined her, drowning out Mineta’s protests easily. Shinsou was looking around in awe like he hadn’t expected anyone to stand up for him let alone go against a fellow classmate for him. Shouta felt a spark of pride for his students before calmly and quietly raising a hand. *Immediately,* the entire class fell silent. Shouta ran a tight ship and everyone was aware of it. “Iida, Mineta, outside with me. The rest of you, wait here and take a few minutes to calm down.” He turned around, ignoring Mineta’s whining protests, and marched out of the dorms with Iida right on his heels and Mineta sulkily going behind him. As soon as they were out of the dorms, he shut the door firmly behind him and turned on Iida. “Now, Iida, continue. What did Mineta say?”

Iida tilted his chin up and said coldly, “He said that Shinsou-san would sooner find a spot in prison than a spot in 1-A.”

Oh. *Oh, fuck that.*

“I see,” Shouta said slowly, a wave of slow creeping anger rising in him. He nodded at Iida and then tilted his head back to the dorms. “Go back inside, Iida. Take a few minutes to calm down with the rest of the class. We’re going to be having a class meeting in a few minutes so, I don’t know, make some tea or something for everyone.”

Iida nodded sharply before faltering. “Sensei, Todoroki-kun said that Midoriya was with you? Is he not going to be here for the meeting?”

“Midoriya is aware of what this meeting is about and has asked to sit it out. He is with Yamada-sensei for the moment and will be for, most likely, the next few hours.” Or at least until he’s calmed down. “Try not to blow up your group chat in worry about him,” he said dryly. “He’s fine. Now go on, go make some tea for everyone.”

“Yes, sensei!”

Shouta waited until Iida had gone back inside before slowly turning on the small teenager in front of him. “ *Now.* Are you aware that there is a zero-tolerance on quirk discrimination and bullying in Yuuei?”

Mineta huffed and pouted. “Yes,” he muttered.

“Then you shouldn’t be surprised by me putting you on probation for this.” Shouta’s eyes flashed red when Mineta went to protest. “ *Enough.* I don’t want to hear a single protest about it. I do not allow quirk discrimination in my classroom or *any kind* of harassment. You’re officially on academic probation and I don’t want to hear of you even *looking* at Shinsou. Is that understood?”

“But, sensei-“

“ *I asked you if you understood, Mineta.”*

There was a long pause before Mineta huffed and nodded. “Yes, sensei.”

“Good. You have a week worth of detention and I expect a five hundred word apology letter for Shinsou by tomorrow. Now get back in there and *stay quiet* .” Shouta glared at him as Mineta stomped back into the dorms, following close on his heels. The rest of the class all glared at Mineta as they walked in, some of them already having cups of tea in their hands. Yaoyorozu must’ve gotten started on the tea before Shouta gave Iida the order. Shouta waited for Mineta to sit down, arms crossed with a pout before he started to speak. “Alright. Now, there’s going to be a class meeting.”

Kaminari raised his hand. “What about Bakugou and Midoriya, sensei? Should we go find them?”

Shouta sighed. “Midoriya is currently with Yamada-sensei. He knows what this meeting is about and has already been briefed on the information that I’m about to cover. As for Bakugou, that is what this meeting is about. He is *not* in danger,” he said quickly and sharply when Kirishima straightened. “He is currently home with his family where he will stay until tomorrow. However, there is important information that I need to share with you all and I need you all to stay quiet until I give it. This isn’t something you’re going to like to hear but it’s something that’s already happened and there won’t be any changing it. Understand?”

The kids all looked around at each other, muttering in confusion. All but Todoroki who had a knowing gleam in his eyes. Midoriya had probably either told him of what was happening, or he had made educated guesses and guessed right.

“As I know you’ve been made aware by this point, Shinsou Hitoshi has been given the opportunity to move up from Class 1-C to Class 1-A. His entrance exam is tomorrow and, if he passes, he will be moving into this class and these dorms.” Shouta paused, taking a moment to study his students’ reactions to this news. Midoriya’s group of friends, as fully expected, were grinning at Shinsou, Urarka slapping him on the back cheerfully and making the taller boy be pushed forward by the sheer force of the blows. The rest of the students seemed happy for Shinsou or at least indifferent to this. “But, as you know, there are twenty spots in my class. No more. I don’t teach any more than twenty students.” And Shouta would never be convinced to change that. Twenty demon children were enough. “Shinsou was only allowed this opportunity because I’ve recently moved a student down to General Education.”

Everyone fell silent. Shouta watched as they digested the news, turning it over in their minds and trying to make sense of it. Some of them were looking around like they were doing a mental headcount to see who was missing from their group. Just as he was about to continue, Urarka’s eyes widened in horror and she shot up from the floor, scrambling to get on her feet. “Sensei, wait! You’re not talking about Deku-kun, are you!?”

There were a few gasps as the students realized what this could mean and Shouta fought the urge to groan. He had said that this meeting was about *Bakugou,* not Midoriya. “You . . . you said that he was with Yamada-sensei,” Iida whispered in dawning horror. He quickly stepped up to Urarka’s side, holding a cup of tea in his hand so tightly that Shouta was half afraid that he’d shatter it by accident.

“Sensei, whatever Midoriya did can’t be worth dropping him out of the heroics course! Midoriya is a great student and is currently fourth in the class, almost third! He never bothers anyone and has improved greatly with the use of his quirk! You-“

“Quiet.” Shouta sighed and pinched the bridge of his nose. “Midoriya has not been expelled from the heroics course and I don’t have any plans to change that. I won’t go into the details, because it is no one’s business except for Problem Child’s, but Midoriya is with Yamada because of personal reasons. He will return to the dorms later on in the day once he is ready. He is *fine* and has not been expelled nor is he going to be. So, sit down and let me finish.”

Iida and Urarka fell silent, Urarka *slumping* from pure relief. Kirishima raised his hand, looking very nervous about what was happening. “Sensei . . . Did you expel Bakugou from the heroics course?”

Shouta sighed before nodding. “Yes. I did.”

There was silence for three beats. Three beats before the common area exploded into chaos and Shouta fought the urge to cringe at the yelling. Bakugou’s friend group were on their feet, pleading with Shouta for their friend while the rest were whispering amongst each other. Kirishima hadn’t joined in on the yelling but was staring at Shouta in horror like he wasn’t exactly sure if all of this was happening. Shouta raised a hand, the yelling immediately cutting off. “The reasons why Bakugou has been expelled are ones that I cannot share,” he said firmly.

“Why not,” Ashido cried, tears in her eyes. Ashido hated bullies, Shouta suddenly remembered. She easily admitted to being teased in middle school for her appearance and part of her reason for becoming a hero was to help make sure that no kid with mutation quirks ever felt alone again. She had eagerly told Shouta when asked that the one and only mark on her record was from kicking her main bully so hard in the balls that they needed to go to the nurse’s office for ice. How would she feel if she was told the reason that Bakugou had been moved into General Education? That he was a bully and had bullied Midoriya for simply being born without a quirk. How would any of the kids, most of whom who Shouta had no doubt had faced bullies in the past too, feel?

“Because this information is private,” Shouta said sternly. “By revealing it to you, I would be breaking someone’s trust and that is

something that I absolutely refuse to do. If Bakugou tells you what happened then that's fine. But I do *not* want to hear about you pestering him or anyone else about this. *Is that understood?"*

There were a few mutterings of, "Yes, sensei," thrown around but the majority remained quiet. Todoroki was the only one who didn't look upset at all. In fact, there was a satisfied spark in his eyes, like he was perfectly content with Bakugou being taken out of their class and having Shinsou take his spot. "Bakugou will have the chance to return to the heroics course," Shouta said calmly. "If he does, however, he will be put into class 1-B, not 1-A. Again, the reasons for this are private and I will not be sharing the–"

"Does this have anything to do with Midoriya, sensei?"

Shouta turned to where Jirou had spoken, several students snapping their heads around to do the same, her lips pursed. "You took him out of the dorms earlier after he snapped at Midoriya. And you seemed really angry too. Like, ' *I am forcing myself to stay calm, but I'm secretly pissed* ,' kind of angry."

Fucking *great.* He was really hoping to keep the Midoriya of it all out of the conversation altogether.

"As I *said* , that is private. And I do *not* want to hear about anyone pestering Midoriya either," Shouta said firmly. "If I do, there will be severe consequences. Clear?" His tone of voice demanded only one answer to that question.

"Yes, Sensei!"

Shouta nodded firmly. "Good. Bakugou will return tomorrow to clear out his room. Shinsou's entrance exam will also be tomorrow so take that into consideration. And let me remind you," his tone went hard and dangerous, "Bullying, quirk discrimination or any kind of harassment is strictly prohibited and will result in ***harsh*** punishment." He glanced around the room and softened his tone just a little when they all nodded. "If anyone needs to talk about what happened then feel free to speak to either myself or Hound Dog. I understand that this is a major change and one that you might struggle with. But everyone here was and is aware that your spots in the heroics course are anything but permanent. You fought for your spots in this course but that does not mean that they can't be taken from you if we believe that you no longer deserve it. For now, for the rest of the day, try your best to relax. But, life does not stop. Shinsou,"

Shinsou straightened up at his name, “your exam is tomorrow. It’s going to be your time to fight for your spot. Understand?”

Shinsou nodded firmly. “Yes, sensei.”

“Good. Midoriya will return later on and I expect that no one will pester him about this.” Aizawa made his eyes flash red in warning which made all of his kids quickly nod. “Good. If you need me for anything, I’ll be in my apartment at the teachers’ dorms. Mineta, report to Power loader for the first day of your detention.” There were always things for students to clean at the labs. “I’ll *know* if you don’t. Now *go.* ”

Shouta waited until Mineta stomped off, closing the dorm’s door firmly behind him, before turning to leave. But he paused. “If anyone of you ever needs to speak to me about anything or *anyone* that’s bothering you, I will always be willing to listen, and I will believe you. Understand?

There was a pause as the students glanced around at each other before Yaoyorozu nodded firmly. “Yes, sensei. We understand.”

Shouta nodded back, just as firmly, before leaving the dorms.

“Shouchan, I love you and I love your kids, but Midoriya can pack it away like nobody’s business. If he was in my class, I’d probably have to order six extra pizzas to make sure the kid stayed fed.”

Shouta hummed and slowly opened his eyes from where he was lying on the couch, his old blind cat, Precious, curled up on his chest. He stretched out his legs lazily and started to lightly run his fingers through Precious’ fur, making the old cat he’s had since high school purr happily. He finally looked over at where Hizashi was standing, watching Precious and Shouta with a fond expression on his face. “I make three grocery runs a week,” Shouta mumbled sleepily, rubbing at his eyes. “Midoriya has to eat at least six thousand calories a day cause of the energy his quirk uses up and then can eat up to three or four thousand more if he needs to. Between him and all the other kids, Class 1-A’s grocery budget each month is fucking huge. “ Shouta yawned widely, gently pushing away Precious’ paw when she tried sticking it in his mouth. He hummed and blinked slowly at Hizashi, a slow smile growing on his face. “How’s Midoriya doing? Did you get him to stop crying?”

Hizashi rolled his eyes and gently shifted Shouta's legs so he could sit down, moving them back on his lap afterwards. "He had pretty much already stopped crying by the time I got there, Shou. Give yourself more credit."

"I don't know how to comfort crying people. Crying kids are even harder."

"You do fine, Shou." Hizashi reached over and gently scratched Precious' ears, smiling softly. "And Midoriya is doing fine. I convinced him to go take a nap, so I walked him to the dorms when we got back. It was just Iida in the common room when we got there, and the kid immediately asked Midoriya if he'd like to nap in his room. Apparently, the kid sleeps better with people around him."

Shouta hummed as that. So that was why he had found Midoriya and some of his friends asleep in the common room after curfew before. "Makes sense. Do you think that he's feeling any better? He was feeling pretty shitty about Bakugou going to your class." He scowled tiredly. "Thought that he was a bad person for being happy about no longer having to be around him."

"I talked to him and he seems like he's doing a bit better now. I also floated the idea of talking by Hound Dog to him and he seemed," Hizashi paused and hummed, "not *opposed* to it but definitely reluctant." Shouta would have to follow up on that with Midoriya later. "And, I gotta say, the kid's a lot different than I was when my middle school bullies got punished." Hizashi's head suddenly snapped around towards the small kitchenette. "Bastard! Get off the counter and stop sniffing Shou's coffee!"

Shouta shook with restrained laughter at the answering yowl from Hizashi's young, feisty cat. Precious made a soft sound at all the noise and cuddled closer into Shouta's chest, content to just let the kitten do what it wanted. "He's fine," he mumbled. "It's just the cheap shit." After years of being a coffee addict, it was more than necessary that Shouta limit his intake of the good stuff to only once or twice a year or when shit really hit the fan. He had a bag of good coffee that he had imported directly from Italy tucked away in the cupboard, far away from Bastard's curious nose and out of sight so Shouta wouldn't get tempted. He has had two cups this year so far. One after the USJ incident and another after they had gotten Bakugou back from Kamino. And now he was considering having one with his dinner. "But get him off the counter anyway. I got pork dethawing in the sink for tonight and remember last time?"

Hizashi swore softly and stood up, gently moving Shouta's legs back onto the couch before stalking off to grab his cat. He returned about a minute later with his kitten, missing its front legs, curled up in his arms. "One day, you're going to spill Shouta's good coffee all over the ground and I'll have to be the one to deal with all the tears," Hizashi cooed down at his kitten who just flicked his tail back at him. Shouta curled his legs up to let him drop back down on the couch before stretching his legs out again. "You look exhausted, Shouchan," Hizashi chided gently. "How much sleep did you get last night?"

"About six hours. 'Bout the same as usual. There's just a lot going on right now," Shouta mumbled.

Hizashi hummed and asked, "Is there something else going on with Midoriya? Something you haven't told me?"

Shouta paused and spent a minute scratching Precious' ears as he thought about what he wanted to say. What he *could* say. "There is. I can't tell you though. Not until Midoriya trusts you enough to let me tell you." He looked up at Hizashi through half opened eyes. "I want to, and I will if I have to, 'Zashi. But the kid trusted me enough with this secret and the kid barely trusts anyone. I can't break that trust, not without a damn good reason."

Hizashi just nodded and squeezed Shouta's knee gently. "Okay." And that was all that needed to be said really. They were both heroes and they both knew that sometimes secrets were necessary. Shouta had the names and addresses of several vigilantes that Hizashi didn't and he was sure that Hizashi had secrets too. They would share these secrets if necessary and would never hide any if it related to them. But they both understood that secrets were required occasionally. "Will me not knowing this secret make his lessons harder?"

"Hopefully not. I'll be having a conversation with someone before the first lesson and, depending on what I hear, I'll speak with Midoriya on telling you."

"Rocking." Hizashi gently laid Bastard down on the couch, the kitten immediately curling up between Shouta's legs and the back of the couch. "I'm thinking of going easy with him for the first few lessons anyway. Teaching him to meditate and stuff like that. He's just scratching the tip of the iceberg when it comes to his quirk and I wanna see what's under the water. He's probably got a lot more going on there with his quirk than just *smash* and maybe even more than his *Full Cowling* move. You're gonna be there too at the first few

lessons, right Kitten?" Hizashi rolled his eyes fondly when Bastard made a noise, reaching out to gently run his fingers down Bastard's spine. "No, not you. I'd like it if we could erase his quirk if he has a sudden growth spurt. Remember a late bloomer we had a few years back and how it turned out that her shadow manipulation quirk could also teleport her through shadows?"

Shouta winced and nodded. They had to search the entirety of the school before they found her passed out in the 3-C classroom. "I'll be there. And it's *Problem Child.* Of course, there's something floating beneath the surface. I wouldn't be surprised if his quirk suddenly gives him the ability to fly or some shit like that." He shuddered in horror at the thought of Midoriya being able to the fly and the slew of problems that would come from that. That thought went firmly in the file titled Nightmares. "How'd the Bakugous act after I left?"

"Well, the wind left Bakugou's sails not too long after you left and that's kind of how he stayed for the rest of the meeting. The kid kept glancing at the stack of papers like he wasn't sure how they got there. Right now, he's on Probation, has weekly therapy and anger management classes, has moral focused essays to write and is gonna be put in my class by Monday. And his parents just seem happy that he's still allowed to stay at Yuuei at all."

"He's lucky on that front," Shouta muttered, closing his eyes as he kept lazily running his fingers through Precious's fur. "Nezu insisted on it. He gets a chance at a second chance." He hummed and a sleepy smirk grew on his face. "And I get to grab Shinsou from your class. Win-win."

"No! No, it is *not* a win-win! You're stealing one of my favourite students out from under me, Shou! Do you know how diligent Shinsou is in class? He's amazing and you're stealing him, you stealer!" A finger poked Shouta's cheek gently. "Shouta! Wake up so I can be mad at you for stealing my student!"

Shouta drifted off with a cat on his chest, a smirk on his lips, and his husband's soft laughter in his ears. The sacred Saturday might not be dead after all.

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